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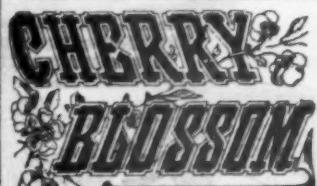
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A Capize.



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There was a Considerable Swell at the Bar.



Extreme Breadth of Beam and Deep Draught.



She Bumped.



It was finally decided to "Swing off" at eight o'clock.

## LATEST INTELLIGENCE À LA MODE.

## THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

VIENNA, Sept. 9.

The disquieting rumours set on foot here by the recent article in the *Fremdenblatt* have, to judge from the reply furnished in to-day's *Cologne Gazette*, no foundation in fact. It is pointed out that so far from any hostile attitude towards the English Cabinet having been assumed at Kremser, a distinctly complimentary message was dictated by the Czar himself, and forwarded, in the very middle of the State dinner, to Lord SALISBURY. The precise nature of the terms of this communication has not transpired, but it may be safely hazarded that it referred mainly to the character of the *menu*, which was considered excellent, and that it was skilfully interlarded with inquiries as to his Lordship's appetite and health. The Cologne journal moreover again asserts, what has been patent to all politicians here from the first, namely, that the recent meeting was in reality organised and carried out by the intrigues of several military tailors who have high authority and influence in Court circles at this capital. Similar assurances are given from Berlin. Commenting on the situation, the *National Zeitung* remarks that the interchange of military uniforms may be regarded as the chief outcome of the meeting, and that the fact that the Czar gave an extensive order for several hussar suits on the spot, showed the genuine and spontaneous nature of the proceedings.

## SIR H. D. WOLFF'S MISSION.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 8.

Affairs here continue to be much in the same condition. His Majesty, who has now on several occasions seen the British Envoy, is still loud in his praise, and on the last occasion but two rose and shook hands with him. Meanwhile Sir H. D. WOLFF is becoming acquainted with the back staircases of several of the leading Ministers, and has expressed himself as hopeful of being able, with the aid of an efficient interpreter, to make the nature of his proposals intelligible to SAID PASHA. The slight hitch in the negotiations, to which reference has already been made, still continues, but the belief here, in well-informed circles, is that it will not necessarily be permanent.

LATER.  
No material change has occurred in the condition of affairs. Sir

H. D. WOLFF has, to-day, however, been closeted with ASYM PASHA for several hours, and has, it is understood, intimated that he will call again to-morrow.

VARNA, Sept. 9.

ADVICES from Constantinople announce that Sir H. D. WOLFF's mission is for the present confined to a series of interviews with the Dragoman of the British Embassy. There is no other news.

## THE PHARMACEUTICAL CONGRESS.

BRUXELLES, Sept. 6.

THE sub-sectional meetings of the Congress were continued this afternoon, and consistently with the spirit of far-reaching and enlarged philanthropy that has inspired their labours, resolutions were unanimously adopted to the effect that an international understanding should be arrived at not only for the guaranteed potability of non-alcoholic beverages, and advertised mineral waters, but that butchers' meat, vegetables, and bread and cheese should also be included in the *corpus* of the new Universal Pharmacopoeia. The qualifications needed, as a *minimum* of preparatory study, were discussed at some length, and it was finally agreed that a knowledge of advanced trigonometry, calisthenics, not less than three foreign languages, history, biography, zoology, and a full acquaintance with all the applied sciences, should be regarded as necessary to the taking the new degree of "Doctor of Pharmacy." Perfect unanimity prevailed, though some *éclat* and liveliness was added to the complimentary *fêtes* held in the evening, owing to the expulsion of the proprietor of a well-known English popular patent medicine, who had attended the Congress apparently through a total misconception of its liberal aim and objects.

## THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

BERLIN, Sept. 10.

THE languid excitement over the seizure of the Islands shows no signs of being stirred into activity, it being fully understood that Prince BISMARCK does not intend to force the hand of the Spanish Government. It seems, too, the Chancellor is much incensed with the Geographical Department for having misled him in the affair, and the appearance of a new map of "Colonial Germany" will probably be the result of the mistaken ambition that assigned the debatable territory to its new but unwilling masters.

The report that CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has, at the command of King ALPHONSE, forwarded the latter's Uhlan uniform to the German Emperor, together with a dignified letter of remonstrance, though looked on here as probable *canard*, launched in the interests of the Franco-Spanish Radical party, nevertheless gains credence in circles that should be well informed. If this should unfortunately turn out to be the case, it will only add a further proof of the deplorable want of tact and discretion that on all hands is admitted to have marked the conduct of this affair from beginning to end.

LATER.

War seems now certain, on account of the recent excesses in Madrid. The weather is very pleasant.

## A "Burning Question" Indeed.

THE criminal fools who carelessly throw unextinguished fuses about, are perhaps even more mischievous than the criminal fools who do the same with orange-peel. A shocking accident seems to have occurred to a Lady at the Inventions Exhibition owing to the action of one of the former class of pestilent idiots. Anyone wilfully dropping a lighted fuse or vesta without thought of the place or the possible consequences, ought to be dealt with as a sort of minor dynamitard—a public danger to be summarily punished wherever caught.



RETURN OF A "SUNBEAM."  
Warranted to Shine through the Fog of November.

"MISS ANDERSON MY JO!"—The talented American actress, recently playing at the Lyceum, last week appeared in *As You Like It*, before several representatives of the London Press, at Stratford-upon-Avon. Seemingly the performance was crude and, on the whole, unsatisfactory. But what enterprise on the part of the London Press to send some of its representatives! Going all that way, and in some cases telegraphing their notices to their offices! How expensive it all must have been to somebody!

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE NEW LUNATIC ASYLUM AT VIRGINIA WATER—HOLLOWAY'S (In)-Sanatorium.



## ART.

*The Hon. Alcibiades Slagg, Esq., Silver-mining Millionnaire from Nevada, U.S., makes the Tour of Europe. In London wishes to have "his Wife's Likeness took by the Boss Artis' o' the Country," and is recommended accordingly.*

*Britisher (his Artistic Adviser, meeting him in the Park). "WELL, AND HOW DOES THE PORTRAIT GET ON?"*

*The Hon. A. S. "OH, I'VE HAD IT DONE BY A DIFFERENT PROCESS ALTOGETHER, SIR. PHOTOTRAPHED, Y' KNOW!—'S LARGE AS LIFE—AN' THEN STAINED! 'COMES A PRECIOUS SIGHT CHEAPER, YOU BET!!'*

## THE TOURIST IN TOWN.

## THE "IMPROVEMENTS" OF THE TEMPLE.

*How to Obtain Admission.*—Select any day but the First of the Month, and you will find the doors open. If you use a hansom, it will be as well to avoid a nervous horse, as all the entrances are so narrow and echoing (most of them are under dwarf archways) that only animals with the *sangfroid* of a bathing-machine wheeler can pass through them without agitation. On the First of the Month you will find your ingress stayed by not-too-civil lodge-keepers (by the way, the average Temple lodge-keeper combines with the abruptness of the military drill-sergeant the superciliousness of the Chancery Q.C.) posted behind locked gates or bolted doors. Your best mode of obtaining admittance on these occasions is to take chambers on the spot subsequent to being called to the Bar. This you will find a simpler process than convincing the custodians that you have a right to pass the portals over which they are mounting guard.

*First Impressions.*—Having entered from the Thames Embankment, you will immediately be struck by the rich fund of humour evidently possessed by the Benchers, as sampled by their representatives the Treasurers. For some years past the Inner and Middle Temples have been undergoing what these worthies facetiously designate "improvement." The result is a gigantic architectural joke. All sorts of styles are jumbled together in the most mirth-provoking fashion—Gothic, Italian, and Tudor; stone, red brick, and stucco. But the various "bits" are drawn together into one incongruous whole by the golden rule of the Treasurers, "When you have built anything particularly inappropriate to its surroundings, stick your name upon it, and, if possible, your coat-of-arms." Thus the glaring new erections springing up aggressively in quiet courts mellowed with age, or spectre-knight-haunted open spaces, look like signed articles in a comic periodical.

*The Gardens.*—Of course inaccessible to the Public. This is the rule, but during the evenings of certain of the summer weeks, the grounds of the Inner Temple are "thrown open," (through a small and inconvenient gate) to the children of the neighbourhood, who, once admitted, have the inestimable privilege of being allowed to watch, from afar off, a number of rather portly juniors playing (not exactly in "Renshaw form") an evidently extremely exhausting game of lawn tennis. September being one of the pleasantest months of the year for enjoying the open air, is naturally selected by the Benchers for repainting the railings, varnishing all the seats, and cutting up the lawns and flower-beds recklessly in the agreeable and apparently congenial pursuit of drain-making.

*King's Bench Walk.*—Left to itself, the open space with its broad spreading trees, old buildings and distant glimpse of the river would be too delightful. So, to "change all that" some mad wag of a practical-jocular Treasurer has placed a couple of hideous lamp-posts of different patterns in the very centre! For the sake of economy no doubt (it is an open secret that the Inner Temple is too poor to afford its Benchers a decent dinner!) one of these horrible objects (posts of course, not Benchers) combines the attributes of a water-tap with the duties of an illuminator.

*Pump Court.*—Not to be confounded with the now classical regions of Pump-Handle Court, wherein dwells the learned and industrious Mr. BAILELESS, Junior. Pump Court is of the plainest brick, Pump-Handle Court of the most quaintly carved stone. The former is the quietest spot imaginable, the latter is the scene of a suicide or some such horror about once a fortnight. Still, there is a tradition that even Pump Court has had its tragedy. On the North side is a kind of iron altar, surmounted by what appears to be a funeral urn. This dreary monument was probably erected by a Treasurer to mark the spot where a murder was committed years, perchance centuries, ago. There is a legend above it, "Nothing whatever is to be thrown on this sink or on any other part of this Court." The Benchers must have their joke, even at the expense of good taste! Sink!



"DOLLY" CHURCHILL AT SHEFFIELD, LECTURING BEFORE A VERY SHARP AUDIENCE.

Fountain Court.—Here, perhaps, will be found in perfection the "improver's" work. Only a little while ago there used to rise beneath a canopy of trees a single jet of water, whose plash was music to the ears of DICKENS and THACKERAY, and pleased hundreds and thousands of their readers. The Benchers could not leave the little fountain alone. They had spoilt many a picturesque spot, and many a memory-hallowed corner, so why should they not destroy the prettiest sight within a mile of Bow Bells? So they deliberately set to work to ruin the fountain. They built over the pretty little jet of water a hideous affair of rock and stone, with three melancholy storks standing back to back, and bowing down their heads (very properly) in bitter shame. Having done this, and set the jet, now converted into a squirt, a-playing, they enclosed the whole in a square of about a dozen feet, composed of four beds of invalid evergreens, and a stone path nine inches broad. Feeling that some lunatic (only a lunatic could want to make such a promenade) might wish to walk in this dreary wilderness, they next closed the four entrances with wire network to keep him out. But somehow the squirt was a failure, and wouldn't play, and two of the storks (no doubt out of compliment to the Benchers) lost their heads. Thus

more "improvement" was needed. So the last addition to the hideous dripping pile is the most extraordinary "arrangement in metal" that ever yet was seen. The Benchers have hammered on to the top of the fountain, close to the mutilated storks, a "something" that looks like a mixture of a very vulgar nob of a brass bed-post, the nozzle of a fireman's hose, and the cross on the top of St. Paul's!

*Finis.*—After looking at "the fountain," you will have had enough of the Benchers and all their "works!"

WILD SPORTS NEAR THE HORSE-GUARDS.—LATEST PARTICULARS.—Our "Tourist in Town" conjectured last week that the tiger, said to have been left in the enclosure of St. James's Park, was kept for the hunting of the Royal Ranger, whom he presumed to be H.R.H. Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein. Our Contributor was half right in his supposition. There is a Royal Ranger of the St. James's Park, and he *does* hunt. But the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, and not Prince CHRISTIAN, is the Ranger, and the sport is not driving from their jungles the wildest of tigers, but shivying from their milk-stalls a lot of poor old women!

## THE AGE OF UNREST.

*By an Old Fogey.*

I'm weary of this age of "Fads." Folk tell what babes call stories, Or why do Tories slang the Rads, And Whigs abuse the Tories? One vows that GLADSTONE's always right, And from his deeds ne'er banches; Another backs with all his might The Governmental benches.

I turn to Letters; still I find All wrangle, and are frowning; Lord TENNYSON's to one man's mind,

Another swears by BROWNING. The fires of argument, 'bout which I never cared a pin, burn, And here ROSETTI has his niche, And there erotic SWINBURNE.

Now hie we to the realms of Art. Those paths you can't run straight on, Enthusiasts have ta'en FRITH's part, While others dote on LEIGHTON.

BURNE JONES's angels angular Please some Aesthetic judges, And JIMMY WHISTLER seems a star To those who like strange smudges.

The Shrieking Sisterhood avow They're terribly neglected, While modest maidens meekly bow To fate, and are respected. Some wild, litigious women cause Each Judge to feel vexation; And those who won't obey the laws mad 'gainst Vaccination.

Thus, wheresoe'er alights my gaze, I see the conflict burning; My poor brain, in these modern days, Is with new notions turning. Oh, give me back the good old times, Before this endless riot, When folks could hear the midnight chimes, And smoke their pipes in quiet.

## Coming Round.

THE Grand Young Man—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—tells us that his superiority in youth excites the envy of his elder colleagues. The Standard, however, thinks that in "circumlocution of phrase" at Sheffield he rivalled the Grand Old Man himself. Another proof that the Member for Woodstock has taken the Member for Midlothian as his model. Is he, like the old idolators, going to worship what he once did his best to burn? Extremes meet; but fancy RANDOLPH going in for roundaboution!

## THE "CROFTERS QUESTION" IN A NUTSHELL.

*Landlord* (*log.*) A man's name may be MACREGOR, but he shan't put his foot upon his native heath.

## ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

GREAT Marlow, in spite of its name, is generally considered to be one of the littliest and quietest places on the hole River, but if anybody who was a labering under that delusion had happened just to have run down there for to spend a happy day on Wednesday the 19th instant of August, he would have thought as the stout Gentleman says in the Play, "Lawk, how this world is given to Lyngin!" For on that day we had our Regatta, which rowed on, with just one hour for useful refreshments, from about 12 in the morning to about 9 at night. Well, here have I bin a spending more than a hole week here, and didn't even know as I was a living in the sillybriar County of the Dook of BUCKINGHAM, which I am told is as much superior to every other County as Buckingham Palace is to every other Palace, and the natives of which is aschally as proud of being born there as I am of being born in London, and never should I have known it but for the Regatta, but at the head of heavy race the Judge, for we had a real Judge to pass sentence, made 'em write up in big letters the countys of the winners, and in every one as I seed it was "Bucks," and wen I said to Mr. SHAW, the boat builder, who's quite the King of the place, how proud them Bucks must be at winnin so many races, "Yes," he said, "they is, but they generally does it, for in coarse we Bucks is as much souperior to other men as the Bucks of the Forest is to the other wild beasts there," which seemed reasonable enuff.

But wot most astonished me was the Judge, he was that particler that he couldn't have been more so if it had bin even a case of Petty larceny, or even wus than that. Why at the head of every race—or heats as they call 'em, cos the rowers was all so preshus hot, I spouse—he seemed to say to 'em, you did it so bad that I condemns you to go back to the place from whence you come, and do it all over again. And if they was pretty ot after the first heat, wasn't they jolly ot arter the second! Why the prusperation run down 'em like drippin. But little they cared for that, for there, close to the winning post, was a large table all covered over with siah a display of reel silver prizes as woud have set up many a Pornbroker's establishment. And they was all giv away at the head by a Lady, just as if she'd have bin the Lady Maree! The sports in the water was, I thort, just a little bit bulwer, but the lower classes as was present seemed to enjoy them, and it's quite rite to consider them a bit, pore devvils!

The eloquent procession of Boats was just a little better than the scene at the Inventions, and wen it cum a rowing along in all its glory, the egaited Mob, which by that time must have reached almost a hundred, acashly shoutted with rapahur. Two of the boats in the races was that heavy that it took 8 men a peace to row 'em. A friend of mine at the "Hanglers Retreat," took me hover the Habby at Dish'em, I think it is called, but it was all in siah a uproar cos the Habbot was away that I couldn't see much of it. It's the old story, I spouse, wen the Habbot's away there's some nice play. My friend tried to git me out on the sealing of the Tower, but the way in which I seed one pore gent handled to get him back agane through a remarkably small winder, gave me warning at once, and I respectfully declined. It doesn't quite do to sacrifice all won's dignerty and character to meer hidial curiosuty out of a werry small winder, however brite the prospect may be of gitting safe back agin.

The pictures was most remarkabel fine. Sum on 'em being about as old and as ugly as them I seed last year at Ampton Court, which is saying a good deal. One of the real curiosities of the hold place is an horned Chamber, where a lady warks about at midnite, without no hed, which is her punishment for beating her little boy to death for blotting his Copy book! It seems a rayther doutfool story at first, but the sollem look of the most respecfool female as told it at wunse convinced us both. It didn't seem to be treating the pore heedless ghost quite fairly to so cram the room with chairs that she's sure to break either her legs or her arms the nex time she warks there. Her nek I spouse is quite safe. I don't think as I shood worry much care myself about sleepin in that ere particler chamber. I think, on a pinch, I shood prefer the cosy looking Kitching. No ghost was never known to haun a Kitchoing, unless he were drest in Blew, and the shrunk condition of the cold Jint prooved as he had his hed on all rite.

Well, I've left gentlemanly Marlow all right, and as a few others has left two, if anybody wants a weak or 2 of bootifool river scenery, with bootifool soft rows, and drives, and warks, and with siah a gal-lackey of lovely ladies all clothed in most lovely cream colourred dresses, and rowing and skulling all day long in a way to drive you stark staring mad, set off at wunse before the place fills up again, and wen you're injoying yourself to your art's content in such river scenery as foolish people goes abroad to see and never finds it, give a kindly thort to your old waiter and say to the fare companion of your two pare of skulls, "We hoes this to

*"ROBERT."*

SONG FOR "AUTHORITIES" ON THE BANKS OF THE LEA.—"Flow on, thou Poisoned River!"

## LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

(By a Country Farmer—New Style.)

My DEAR WIFE,

I AM very glad I did not bring you up to this "awful big place" (as the man calls it in the play), as you wished. You see, my angel, you could not be spared from home. How would the girls have got on without you superintending their singing lessons, to say nothing of it being bad form to be away on your "day"? Then, as I am a Conservative, and love old customs, I like to think of you following the tradition of my Grandmother, and pretending (she was in earnest, the quaint old soul!) to take an interest in the pigs. Ah! how I do envy you your quiet country life!

Well, no doubt, you will want to know what I have been doing while I have been here. Improving my mind, my dear girl,—improving my mind. Would it cause you surprise if I were to tell you that I had been to the Museum in Jermyn Street, the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy, and the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral? Yes, it would. And if it surprised you, my life, it would surprise me even more. No, Tory as I am, I still must march with the times, and so most of my days have been spent in selecting and purchasing *Aesthetic* furniture. The drawing-room at the Farm is sadly Philistine. I have picked up too some very nice Japanese hangings for your *boudoir*.

And how have I spent my evenings? And now I know my movements will meet with your approval. Instead of visiting the theatre and the music-hall, I have, country-fashion, passed the night in the open air. Certainly, I have seen the *Great Pink Pearl* at the Prince's, a capital bit of fooling, and the *Silver Shield* at the Comedy, a piece that deserved success if it did not obtain it; and once again I have assisted at a splendid spectacle at Her Majesty's. But what of that? Although for an hour or two I might have trifled with the Drama, my heart has been true to Science and South Kensington. I have already told you of the very interesting contents of the International Inventions Exhibition. You will remember how I have explained to you the various exhibits—with the assistance of the Guide-Book.

But although the Inventions are interesting, I felt that I must not neglect the "Second Division—Music," and accordingly spent the



Advance of the British Army at South Kensington.

other evening in listening to the performance of the British Army Quadrille. It certainly was very grand, although I must say that the march of the Bands was rather impeded by the dense audience. You would really be astonished at the number of people who use the grounds at South Kensington—I do verily believe that the gardens there are nearly as popular as the Galleries!

As I had enjoyed a specimen of English Music at South Kensington, I thought it only fair to go to Battersea Park to test the quality of the foreigners. You must know there is a place called the Albert Palace which (like the Royal Westminster Aquarium) has been erected to commemorate the virtues of the late Prince Consort of pious memory. I am told by a London friend, that all the places associated with the glorious name of "ALBERT the Good," sooner or later drift into weak copies of Cremorne. The Scientific Institution in Battersea Park is highly respectable, no less a person than Alderman Sir ROBERT CARDEN (who was, so I am told by the same London friend, a dashing subaltern of infantry in his youth) being the Chairman. The gallant Alderman has got together an orchestra composed entirely of lady *artistes*, from Vienna. It must have caused Sir ROBERT an enormous amount of trouble to have selected so clever and

comely a troupe. But the result is most pleasing, the more especially, as the musicians are rather ornamental than useful. They play very nicely, but a great deal of the hard work (such as blowing the wind



The Ladies' Orchestra at Battersea. (Back View.)

instruments, playing the biggest of the drums, &c.) is done in the background by men hidden behind a screen of skirts. I fancy this quaint idea originated in the fertile brain of that very old Soldier "dear Sir ROBERT," as I understand the veteran Alderman is called by the light-hearted female stall-keepers at Battersea.

Finally, with a view to testing the amusements of our country, I accepted an invitation to dine with friends at the Crystal Palace on a Saturday, with Military Band and Illuminations "to follow." The



Enjoying Illuminations at Sydenham. (Front View.)

dinner was so particularly good that I dispensed with the second part of the programme, and spent my time instead in smoking, "dessert"—ing, and studying the *menu*. You know how bad our cook is—I think when I return I shall be able to give her a few wrinkles. I feel sure the Illuminations and Band must have been magnificent!

From this account of my days and nights you will see how dull my life is in town, and how I must miss you. With very best love, and kisses to the children, Always your most affectionate husband,  
The Grand Hotel. (Signed) JOHN DE BARLEYCORNE.  
(First Floor).

## The Two Voices.

'Tis the voice of our WILLIAM,—"I must not complain  
If my throat, after fifty long years of such strain,  
Its former full power should fail to regain."

'Tis the voice of his *Punch*,—Rooey-too! Be of cheer!  
We have need of that wonderful *Vox* strong and clear,  
As we all hope to hear it for many a year!"

## "MANY HAPPY RETURNS."

MOST people have heard of "CHEVREUL on Colour." Everybody will be happy to hear of colour on CHEVREUL, in the shape of rosy cheeks and evergreen energy, though the French *savant* is now a Centenarian. Long may he continue to be a "Man of Colour" in both senses.



## BANG ! BANG !

"CONFOUND THE DOG ! PUTTING UP THE BIRDS LIKE THAT !"  
"OU AT, BUT IT WAS NA THE DOG THAT MISSED THEM, WHATAYVER !"

## A LITTLE "DIFFERENCE;"

OR, A WORD IN SEASON.

*Mr. Keeper Punch loquitur :—*

Nor rivals, but comrades ! Exceedingly well !  
And each in his way is a capital shot.  
A couple of guns which would certainly tell,  
In a well-beaten stretch or a corner that's hot.  
'Tis not the first time you have tramped foot to foot,  
Or popped gun to gun in a really "big shoot."

In style, just a little unlike to be sure,  
With dissimilar tastes in the matter of dogs ;  
Both eager a pretty day's sport to secure ;  
One dashingly tramples, one sturdily jogs ;  
Each has proved that his own style of shooting will pay,  
When you've counted the game at the close of the day.

Once more at the start of a Season, you find  
Your foot on the stubble, your hand on the stock,  
And you scarcely appear to be *quite* of a mind,  
Say sharp rival shootists all eager to mock.  
*Is it so, Gentlemen ?* Better out short  
Any squabble at once if you really mean Sport !

Old hands at the job you're aware of that same,  
And a pretty long practice in shooting together  
In every season, at all sorts of game,  
And in every conceivable species of weather,  
Must have taught you at least it is no time to quarrel,  
When game's on the wing, and your hand on the barrel.

True, one may prefer just to stick to old ground,  
And one have a fancy for breaking up new ;  
Most probably quarries in both may be found,  
But wasting the day in discussion won't do.  
You'll get little more than your pains for your trouble  
By fighting the point between turnips and stubble.

Yours is not the sole Party that's after this quarry,  
Another one's watching you over the hill ;  
To join them won't pay, though they would not be sorry  
Would *one* of you lend them his cool steady skill.  
If you'd still shoot together don't wrangle or lag,  
Or 'tis they, and not you, who will make the Big Bag !

## THE PUBLIC AND THE "PUBLICS."

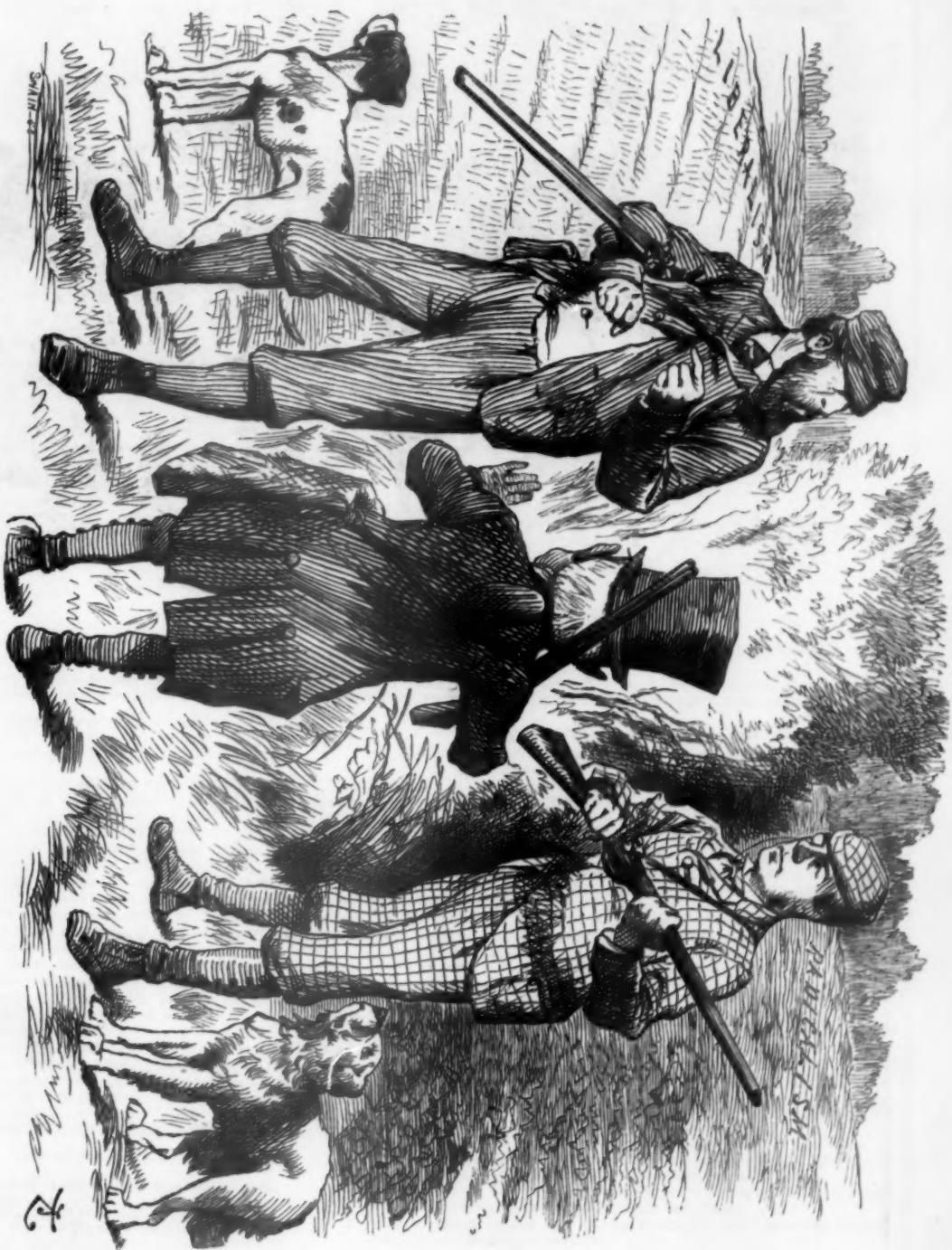
The *Morning Advertiser*, protesting against "ill-regulated interference" with our Public-house system, says, "The tendency is to make the Public-house what it originally was—a place for the refreshment of man and beast." Quite so. Only it must be understood that "man and beast" are two, and not *one*, as is now too often the case, and that with the connivance, if not the encouragement, of the Publican. "The nation," continues Brother Bang's Oracle, "neither wants the greasy sloppiness of the Coffee Palace, the illicit tendency of the Club, nor the glaring frivolity of Continental *café* life." Perhaps. But neither does it want the noisy sottishness, the foul riot, nor the adulteration-bred phrenzy of the ordinary—too ordinary—Gin Palace. These things, indeed, demand not a little vigorous and summary "interference," and it is only ill-regulated houses which would consider that interference "ill-regulated."

## Comment by a Cockney.

BAD-Gastein ! Sounds more fit than nice, and yet  
They say most healing waters there are had.  
Strange, though, that people fancy good to get  
By going to the *Bad* !

## UNSPORTSMANLIKE.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL first "chaffs" Lord HARTINGTON unmercifully, and then winds up by saying, "Come over, and help us !" Can RANDOLPH need reminding that "Old (Whig) birds are not caught with (Tory) chaff" ?



### A LITTLE "DIFFERENCE."

H-E-T-N-O-T-M. "WE'LL TAKE THE STUBBLE, OF COURSE?"  
CH-M-B-R-N. "OH, NO! IT'S NO USE GOING OVER THAT OLD GROUND! I'M FOR THE TURNIPS!!"  
FUSCI (Kesper). "IF YOU QUARREL OVER THE LAND, GENTLEMEN, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A BAG!"

... 200000000



WOMAN'S LOGIC.

*Lady (who does not quite know the Rules of the Road). "LET ME SEE, JOHN—TO WHICH SIDE OF THE ROAD DO I KEEP!"*

*John. "TO TH' LEFT, MUM."*

*Lady (feeling she is now clear on the subject). "OH, YES, NOW I REMEMBER; AND I KEEP TO THE RIGHT, COMING BACK!"*

#### THE MODEL WIFE.

(Not after Iago. By a Lonely Bachelor.)

**WANTED.**—A Spinster of any age she will own to under thirty. Must be an Orphan—if friendless all the better. No relatives at all for choice, if any, none that she would want to know if I didn't wish. Positive disinclination to dances and evening parties. Absolute abhorrence of the society of any but rational and thinking people. Detestation of all customary and common amusements, such as cards and backgammon. Appreciation of excellence in Art, Literature, and Music, but executive ability, in any line, no consequence; except cookery and practical needlework, domestic tailoring, and other industries. Preference for economy in ostentation rather than in comfort, and particularly than in food and drink, and, rather the latter. Refusal to comply with any fashion which is grotesque or inconvenient. No fads such as induces many ladies to attend public meetings, and subscribe to booh. No interest in popular actors, authors, or speakers, merely on account of their popularity; no admiration of any celebrities simply as such—no running after Lions, unless incidentally at the Z.G. Disposed to bodily exercise—would usually walk rather than ride. Passably good figure; face plain in the proper sense of the word—not ugly, but no beauty to spoil. No care whatever for anybody's admiration except mine.—Apply at the *Matrimonial Chronicle* Office. Photograph at request—to be returned if unsatisfactory—and please don't call it "photo." Address, "CELEBS."

#### From the Listeners to the Leaders.

Oh, why are your speeches so acrid and dry,  
So like a stale mixture of verjuice and shaff?  
If you are so fagged you can't give us a "Cry,"  
At least you might give us a laugh!

**A MODEL CRICKET MATCH.**—One that begins with a "draw," but does not end with one.

#### "ENGLAND AS HE IS TREATED" IN GERMANY.

ABOUT a fortnight ago a party of English tourists, consisting of a Major in the British Army, his daughter, and two male friends, were arrested in a Frankfort *café*, marched through a crowd, and finally thrown into prison. There they were incarcerated for half a day, and there no doubt they would have remained much longer, had not a chance meeting with a London solicitor led to their restoration to liberty. The only charge against them was that one of their number bore some supposed resemblance to the photograph of a man more than twenty years his senior. As nothing seemingly has been done to compensate these outraged travellers, it will be as well to publish, for the benefit of intending tourists, the German answers, translated into English, that the foreign police are likely to give in response to remonstrances made on similar future occasions. It may be called—

#### REPLIES FOR A TRIP OF PLEASURE.

Yes, although you have not finished your outlet, you must come along with us.

Quite so. Though you have your arms pinioned, your daughter is merely handcuffed.

No; you will not be told why you are treated thus, beyond being informed that a man who wears a red tie might be guilty of any kindred atrocity.

Certainly it is true that your two male friends are lying in the deepest dungeons beneath the castle's moat.

Yes, your Aunt will certainly be tortured unless she confesses.

You are not far wrong in supposing that the man you say is your brother will be sentenced to penal servitude for life.

It is against the rules to furnish you with pens, ink, and paper, even to enable you to write a letter to the *Times*.

You cannot be put in a cell by yourself. Yes; the felon chained near you is accused of murder.

You may say or do what you please, but, mark us—you will get no redress!

**WOMEN'S RIGHTS.**—The Elective Franchise, and Female Voters allowed to marry the men of their choice before the Registrar.



NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE YOUNGEST MISS BROWN PRACTISES ACCOMPANIMENTS.

## OUR NOTES AND QUERIES.

*Seasonably arranged in "Queen's" English.*

**SUGGESTION WANTED.**—Having rented a small country house for the present month, I am about to give a ball, to which three hundred people have been invited, but the only available room I have for dancing is a roofless and weather-beaten barn sadly out of repair, that requires flooring. What can I do in the way of decoration to give it, at a small expense, the appearance of a light and elegant apartment suitable for the purpose.

ANNETTE.

**TRAVELLING INQUIRY.**—We are seven in family, three of us being invalids who cannot move comfortably or safely anywhere without Bath chairs. What would be the simplest and most direct way of getting to Bordighera, either by the Rhine and the Swiss Lakes, or by any other equally familiar route? Would it be possible to get the chairs over the Simplon, or, failing that and being obliged to part with them on this side, could we secure a fair price for them? Or would it be better to have them sent round by Marseilles and Nice to meet us in the Maritime Alps, relying in the meantime on offers of local assistance? Any correspondent who has had the experience and will communicate fully will oblige.

HYSTERICUS.

**PRESENT FOR BABY.**—Perhaps "God-Papa" wishes to offend the baby's relations, otherwise the damaged ophicleide case can scarcely be regarded as an agreeable or appropriate gift on the occasion. He had better revert to his original purpose, and work it something himself in crotwels. Unless "God-Papa" contemplates at the last moment purchasing something for the baby, in which event I should suggest a complete plated gold and silver dessert service as likely to give a general surprise and satisfaction.

WILD ROBIN.

**ETIQUETTE.**—"ANGELINA" is wrong in supposing that a declaration of affection should necessarily be made by a gentleman on one bended knee. Such, we believe, is the custom in the highest circles, and still obtains at Court, but it is not now considered *de rigueur* in general society. With reference to her second question,—decidedly, No. Goloshes cannot be worn in the drawing-room under any plea whatever. The fact that the gentleman offending doubted the honesty of the domestic left in charge of the hats, does not affect the question.

EUTERPE.

## SONG AT SCARBOROUGH

*During the Match Gentlemen of England v. Players of England, September 3, 1865.*

Ye Gentlemen of England,  
Who smite for two and threes,  
One bat has swiped for twenty years,  
That bat is W. G.'s.  
That wondrous willow waves again  
To match the old, old foe,  
And spans through their ranks  
Whilst the bowlers puff and blow,  
Though TOM EMMETT sends them swift and straight,  
And the "field" do all they know.

BRITANNIA need not tremble  
Whilst he his "block" can keep,  
And slog for sixes and for fours,  
Though the field stand close or deep.  
There's "powder" yet in every stroke,  
His "drives" like lightning go,  
And men roar as the score  
Swells at every swashing blow,  
Though ULYSSETT "sends 'em down" like hail,  
And PRATE his best doth show.

The Cricket fame of England  
Shall yet in brightness burn,  
And we can wait without blue funk  
That Cornstalk Team's return,  
Whilst W. G. can show such form  
After twenty years or so;  
The fame of his name  
Sounds wherever Britons go,  
And the mighty score on Scarborough's shore  
Should bring him "one cheer mo!"

"BITTER."—It is announced that Sir WILLIAM HAR-COURT will visit Derby on October 17, to take part in the unveiling of the statue of the late MR. BASS. Some of its subscribers, with a view to improve the inauguration of that memorial, are said to meditate a request for the attendance of Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

**INK-STAINS.**—The only method of removing the ink-stains from your blue satin boudoir furniture will be to rip off all the material, and wash it in hot tea and salts of lemon; but as this will cause the stuff to shrink, you must be fully prepared to find that it will be impossible to re-cover with it the surface it formerly occupied. Under these circumstances, your best plan would be either to entirely ink your whole suite till it match, or, better still, order new frameworks of a smaller size for your sofa, chairs, and other occasional pieces. This is perhaps the simplest plan, though you must not be disappointed at finding your satin, even when replaced, a dull yellow-green colour, and anything but attractive to the eye. It is extremely difficult to remove ink-stains from blue satin.

FANCETTE.

**EXCHANGE.**—"PENLOPE" wishes to change one dozen jars of pickled cucumber and a white cockatoo, affable with children and very talkative and amusing, for jewellery of equal value, or novelties in needlework, wood-engraving, drawing-room ornaments, old pointlace, or Aylesbury ducks.

## Down, Dairy, Down!

THE milk of human kindness must be curdled  
When from the post it held for many a day,  
That broad Park walk tree-shadowed, iron-hurdled,  
Milk Fair remorselessly is driven away.  
Needful? Those new park plans *may* have their merit,  
But—well, *Punch* envies not the task of TYRWHITT.

## Look Out!

THE following alarming information is given in the papers:—

"It is rumoured that both Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatres will cease to exist next year. One is to be thrown into the area of Covent Garden Market, and the other is coveted by the postal authorities."

The postal authorities are quite welcome to covet anything they please, but we must earnestly protest against any theatre being thrown into the area of Covent Garden Market. This neighbourhood has long been disagreeable: it now promises to become dangerous.

## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. NO. 18.



INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.

EVERYONE OUT OF TOWN. IT IS LEFT TO THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL AND THEIR COUNTRY COUSINS.

## “HOOP-LÀ!”

In consequence of the possibility of Bicycles being used for scouting purposes in warfare, the following set of questions has already been drawn up by the Military Authorities, for use at the next Sandhurst Examination:—

1. What course would you be inclined to recommend for practical adoption if, when the enemy's cavalry is charging down on you, you find yourself suddenly and violently precipitated over the handle of your machine owing to the front wheel coming off?

2. State your method of tightening your cranks under a hot fire.

3. Do you consider yourself qualified to guide a machine with a revolver in one hand and a sword in the other? Mention how, under such circumstances, you propose making practical use of your field-glass?

4. What's your way of treating an enemy that shouts “Yah! your back-wheel's going round!”

5. On arriving at the summit of a steep hill, and finding the enemy in full possession of the ditch half-way down, what sort of patent brake would you prefer to have attached to your bicycle? Which would be best—to shoot the hill, or shoot the enemy?

6. At what precise moment in the decisive Battle of Coventry did the British Commander flash the thrilling signal (by heliograph) to all parts of the field—“England expects every man to oil his machine”?

7. Supposing that fifty howling savages are hanging on to your coat-tails, and jobbing you with spears, would you feel a glow of pleasure at remembering that an economical Government had failed

to supply your machine with one of the Patent Galvanic Death-Dealing Backbones?

8. Do you think the new Torpedo Tricycle likely to be most perilous to the enemy or to its rider?

9. In riding through a dangerous country, where there's every reason to fear ambushes, which do you think the safest seat on a “Tandem”—in front or behind? Which would you offer to your Commander-in-Chief if he requested a mount?

10. In those numerous cases where good macadamised roads would require to be made through dense jungle and over perpendicular mountains before cycling scouts could begin to operate, what particular advantage do you think would result from their employment in preference to a few light mounted skirmishers on horseback?

## At the Top of the (Willow) Tree.

OH, Yorkshire and Lancashire both are big pots,  
But Cricket's top honours again go to Notts.  
Surrey, who hoped with its record to vie,  
Found it one of those Notts very few can e'er tie.

Well, Surrey showed pluck,  
So here's wishing her luck,  
And first place when next Season's last wickets are struck.

THE “PSALM OF LIFE” OF THE SWINDLER.—“Let us then be up  
and ‘do’-ing!”

## FITZDOTTEREL; OR, T'OTHER AND WHICH?

(By the Earl of L-t-n.)

"Supposing I was you,  
Supposing you was me,  
And supposing we both was somebody else,  
I wonder who we should be."

## CANTO III.—LOVE AND LUCRE.

"A German Fräulein, young, and fair, and fond,  
With ochre hair and eyes of China-blue,  
Yearns inexpressibly to correspond,  
At once, with some young Teuton, with a view  
To Matrimony. Wealth hath she beyond  
The dreams of avarice, quite enough for two.  
An early interview could be arranged.  
N.B.—If wished, Photos might be exchanged."

"By Cupid, PUMPERNICKEL, here's your chance!"  
Cried BEEVOR, reading the above advertisement.  
"I see an opening here for True Romance.  
Nay, do not scowl, I tell you nothing pert is meant  
By my remark. I see, PUMP, at a glance,  
That by this notice, naive though slightly curt, is meant  
Beauty phenomenal, a spirit clear,  
And something like ten thousand pounds a year."  
"Booh!" grunted PUMPERNICKEL, bending over  
The *Ramayana*. "I must quite refuse  
To play the part of advertising lover,  
Or help support the *Matrimonial News*.  
Can you not see this hackneyed rot must cover  
A coarse and cockney soul?" "No, in your shoes,"  
Replied FITZDOTTEREL, "I should answer her, man!  
Ah me! I only wish I were a German!"

"Why, so you are," said HERMANN, with a sneer,  
"By our agreement." "Ah! of course," cried BEEVOR,  
"I never thought of that." "Your course is clear,"  
Pursued the Teuton. "If you're a believer  
In such stale clap-trap, if you do not fear  
Playing up' to this scullion-souled deceiver,  
And want to get into a pretty pickle,  
Answer, and sign yourself H. PUMPERNICKEL."

Mighty is Instinct, mightier still is Doom!  
(This has no meaning, but it sounds like Omen.)  
That little joke in PUMPERNICKEL's room,  
That friendly frolic interchange of *nomen*,  
Auroral gladness or Cimmerian gloom  
Was pregnant with. FITZDOTTEREL worshipped women,  
His soul was simple, sympathetic, saintly,  
His sense of humour glimmered rather faintly.

All hail, Absurdity! Without thine aid  
Dulness would rule the world in hall and hovel.  
Where without thee were Satire's pleasant trade?  
Did not humanity in thy bathos grovel,  
There were no lure in Love for man or maid,  
No stuff for the third volume of a novel.  
No writer, then, can contemplate with levity  
Dual Control of Common-Sense and Brevity.

That Condominium, though, is still remote.

FITZDOTTEREL, spite of PUMPERNICKEL's mockery,  
Felt that this German Girl he madly loved;  
His soul was rather Rousseauish than Cockery.  
Sentiment callow-brained and cheveril-gloved  
Leads to much breaking, both of hearts and crockery.  
BEEVOR—as PUMPERNICKEL—therefore wrote  
The following seductive little note.

(He penned it in a wood, at the dictation  
Of an old elm. Pray, don't suppose I joke.  
Trees are "fair cautions" at confabulation;  
Don't you remember TENNYSON's "Talking Oak"?  
FITZDOTTEREL always went for inspiration  
Into the Forest, penning what it spoke  
Unto his heart. His book, *Whines from the Wood*,  
The Morning Pump considered very good.)

"H. P., a Teuton twenty-two and wealthy,  
Has seen Lone GRETCHEN's sweet Advertisement,  
And straightway through his soul Love's footsteps stealthily  
Stole conqueringly. He will be well content  
To marry her; but, just to prove her healthy  
Scorn for the huckster charms of cent.-per-cent.,  
He wishes her, before he corresponds,  
To invest one-half her wealth in Turkish Bonds."

Love at first sight's stale stuff for the Romancer,  
Love per Advertisement is far more fresh.  
Why should it not an excellently answer  
Twin souls space-sundered swiftly to enmesh?  
HERMANN, whose temper was as crabbed as Cancer,  
Said Love must make appearance in the flesh  
Ere o'er him he would exercise his spell.  
But 'twas not so with young FITZDOTTEREL.

His love cared naught for flesh or photos. No!  
An Astral Body, vouch'd by Mr. SINNETT.  
Would have sufficed his yearnings. (*Here a flow  
Of Mystic Lore sets in. We'll not begin it.*)  
*It runs through seven hundred lines or so.*  
FITZDOTTEREL pined for GRETCHEN's love. To win it  
He was prepared all measures to exhaust,  
To dote like DAVID or to sin like FAUST.

But BEEVOR, rushing forth to post his note,  
His heart a-thump, his pulses in a flutter,  
Butted against HERM. EDELWEISS, and smote  
The poor old pedant plump into the gutter.  
O Destiny! how you must grin and gloat  
To see how Man, for all his fume and splutter,  
Is but thy Shuttlecock! There is a game  
By ladies loved, Badminton is its name,

Which is a truer type of human life  
Than—(*Scissors through six pages!*) EDELWEISS  
Soon wormed out BEEVOR's secret. Like a knife  
Cut his keen scorn. "Ach Himmel! this is nice!"  
He shouted. "A FITZDOTTEREL seek a wife,  
Like some erotic shop-boy!" In a trice  
BEEVOR perceived that he had played the noodle,  
And fawned on EDELWEISS like a spanked poodle.

"FITZDOTTEREL, Keep your Pecker up! Though humbled,"  
Said EDELWEISS, "respect your family motto.  
Give me the letter." Poor FITZDOTTEREL fumbled  
In all his pockets. Where could it have got to?  
Alas! when in the gutter those two tumbled,  
(O Fate, thou'rt stern as Germany's iron Orro!)  
The note had dropped. The sequel Fancy painted.  
FITZDOTTEREL flopped upon the floor, and fainted.

A sort of Operatic Rigmarole  
Is Life! (*Here Pegasus is off again.*  
But, though his pace is pretty on the whole,  
The flying steed requires a tightish rein,  
And we shall never reach our distant goal  
If thus he keeps "cavorting round"—that's plain.  
Snip! There go Ptolemy Euergetes,  
Euclid, the Vedas, and the Dukes of Guise!)

That letter went! Some good Samaritan  
Had from the pavement picked and posted it.  
EDELWEISS, dear Polonius-like old man,  
Learned, but owlish as to mother-wit,  
Could hit upon no more sagacious plan,  
Than to advise the tangled twain to fit.  
"One folly drives another out sometimes,  
So what say you to trying foreign climbs?"

One pun—an old one—makes the whole world kin.  
'Tis as heart-opening as rum-punch or platitude.  
Oh (*Scissors!*) BEEVOR "twigg'd" with a broad grin.  
"Hoch!" cried he, striking an heroic attitude,  
"Let's join the Alpine Club, and strive to win  
Penny-a-liner fame and Gossip gratitude,  
By scaling some tall peak's untrodden snow,  
Like that Excelsior fellow, don't you know!"

They started, BEEVOR as Herr PUMPERNICKEL,  
HERMANN as Lord FITZDOTTEREL, whilst that letter  
Flew on to cheat Lone GRETCHEN. Here's a pickle!  
Could COLLINS or GABRIEL mix a better?  
It promises sheer smash. But Fortune's fickle,  
Roses entwine Fatality's iron fetter;  
And when things seem in the most hopeless dead-lock,  
Romance strikes out a road to joy and wedlock!

THEATRICAL.—Mr. PARNELL has issued his "Programme." Like some other "Managers" he makes no charge for it. But the performance, if ever attempted, will prove a very expensive one, the curtain will have to be rung down before the end of the First Act. The company will be promptly disbanded, the Star Actor himself off the stage, and the management become bankrupt.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

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CHARCOAL  
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absorbing all impurities in  
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